

THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

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NO. 19.

CITY DIRECTORY.

MAYOR—W. T. Blanton.
TOWN COUNCIL—By Committee.
Finance—W. E. Davidson, W. P. Gilliam and Chas. Bugg.
Ordinance—H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and E. L. Fraubert.
Sanitary—A. E. Craile, D. T. Elam and W. E. Anderson.
Cemetery—W. P. Gilliam, A. E. Craile and D. T. Elam.
Light—D. T. Elam, Chas. Bugg and J. B. Farrar.
Street—Chas. Bugg, D. T. Elam and W. E. Davidson.
Salaries—W. P. Gilliam, E. L. Fraubert and A. E. Craile.
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Fire Department—W. E. Davidson, W. E. Anderson and H. E. Wall.
Poor—A. E. Craile, Chas. Bugg and W. E. Anderson.
Water—E. L. Fraubert, H. E. Wall and Chas. Bugg.
Safety—J. B. Farrar, H. E. Wall and W. P. Gilliam.
Town Clerk—E. J. Whitehead.
City Treasurer—John A. Scott.
Commissioner of Revenue—E. T. Rice.
City Sergeant—R. D. Miller.
Chief of Police—J. W. Neal.
Sup't Electric Plant—O. T. Wicker.

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Hon. J. M. Crute, Judge Circuit Court.
Hon. A. D. Watkins, Commonwealth's Atty.
W. M. Thackston, Clerk Circuit and County Courts.
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Thursday, January 26th, 1899,

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SILVER-PLATED

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ALL KINDS OF THE BEST

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of PLATED WARE made,

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FOR LOVE OF HER.

The long, long day had saddened into night
And summer's thousand voices all were dumb,
My heart despairing with the waning light,
Because she did not come.

The troubled sea had sobbed itself to sleep,
Like some sad child who missed its mother's care;
The trees bowed low as if they, too, would weep
Because she was not there.

A tender cloud hid the moon's sorrowing,
Earth's sluggish pulse with longing was astray;
I wondered if the birds would wake and sing
While yet they wanted her.

The moon burst forth from out its hiding place,
Across the sky the glad stars traced her name,
A drowsy fly upward turned its face,
And then—she came! She came!

—Ethel M. Kelly, in Argosy.

A Parochial Explanation

By CRAIG CORNISH.

—Copyright, 1898.

REV. ICABOD DURELL thoughtfully stroked his quill pen and adjusted his glasses more evenly on his nose and proceeded to write his sermon, in which he was pointing out the error of allowing merely temporal things to interfere with those of eternal significance. Icabad was a plain, earnest man, who worked faithfully at the problems of a parish in colonial Virginia, which were very much like those of every parish everywhere, only that he had come into closer touch with his people than have many ministers before and since his day.

Icabad bit his pen in hope of inspiration, but his thoughts would turn from his theme to one of the younger men in whom he was deeply interested and of whom lately he had seen but little, and he found it difficult to select texts in Genesis and Revelation exactly to illustrate his point. So he sat at his square mahogany table absorbed in thought and drew the plume of his quill pen back and forth in a reflective way across his nose.

James Hopkins came in through the open door and patiently waited for the parson to finish the sentence which he was writing. This Icabad finally accomplished and became aware of Hopkins, standing near.

"I didn't hear you," he said, apologizing.

"No matter," answered Hopkins, and both men sat down beside the big book-laden table.

"Parson, I'm in trouble," Hopkins began, "and I want your help."

"Anything I can do," said Icabad, "you know I will."

Hopkins hesitated. Then he took the plunge. "It's about Sally Daves. I suppose you'll laugh at me for coming," and he fumbled his hat in his hand, "but I can't make her listen to me, and I don't know what to do. She promised to marry me, and now she says that she never will."

The parson waited for him to go on, but Hopkins seemed to have finished all he had to say.

"And you want me to speak to her?" Icabad inquired, looking at his embarrassed caller with some amusement.

"Yes," said Hopkins, "and I want you to make her marry me. You could do it. You know I'd be a good husband, and you could talk about it—and explain things," he ended, rather vaguely.

Icabad was silent. He considered a moment.

"Well, James," he answered, "I'll speak to Sally Daves for you, but she has many men to choose from, you know that, and I'm but a poor pleader. Still, I'll try."

Hopkins looked appreciative and offered the parson a pinch of snuff. Then he rose and the two men shook hands and Hopkins went out into the summer world.

Icabad looked after him with some complacency. So it was this that had been keeping him away! He would straighten out matters with Sally Daves. The girl was a fool not to keep a man like Hopkins if once she had the luck to get him. Meantime there was his sermon; so he went back to the table and again gently rubbed his nose with his feathered pen and tried once more to get the drift of his argument.

The next afternoon Icabad rode over to the Daves' plantation, where he found two of his younger brethren enjoying themselves in Miss Sally's company. With patience and long suffering he waited until they reluctantly had gone, and then he proceeded at once to deliver his message.

"And he's a worthy man, and you should be ashamed to treat him to whom you're betrothed in such a fashion," he ended.

Sally listened attentively and arranged her neckerchief.

"It's no different from the way I have treated the others," she answered, at last, with no attempt to seem impressed with her own faults.

"If James Hopkins would come a-wooing, let him bespeak himself, and not go bothering the parson."

"It's no such great bother," replied Icabad, candidly, with the air of one who waives the point merely of quantity, "only you don't seem to understand what your actions mean to James Hopkins. He's no man to be forever chasing after a woman. There are many girls in the county who'd be glad of him."

"They're welcome to him, and you may tell James Hopkins the same, and give him my best good wishes," replied Sally, with all sweetness.

So the interview ended. It seemed to Icabad useless to discuss the subject farther. He had done his duty, and it was nearing supper time, so he took his leave and rode away, amused and rather sorry, and wondering which of the other young men was to

marry the prettiest girl in the parish. Her picture came back to him as she had stood on the low piazza, one arm resting against the vine-covered post, the sunshine playing on her fair hair, which had blown a little over her brown eyes, so filled with mischief. She certainly was the prettiest maiden in the parish, Icabad thought; mere candor compelled the admission, and he wondered if the tea cakes would be overdone, and accordingly applied his riding stick and hurried on towards the parsonage.

During the Sunday nooning Hopkins came to see the parson, and when he learned the result of the interview he was much disappointed.

"Didn't she tell you why?" he asked, looking dubiously at Icabad.

"I don't believe she has any reason," Icabad answered. "Perhaps she needs to be coaxed. Go to see her yourself, man, and don't come bothering me about it."

So the next day Hopkins rode over to the Daves' plantation and again presented himself, with some doubt, it is true, as to the wisdom of his coming. Sally was not to be coaxed and the interview was short and much to the point.

"And have I a reason?" Sally asked, sharply. "And haven't I told you these 20 times that I don't love you? As if that weren't reason enough."

"You like somebody else," retorted Hopkins. "Probably you've been making promises to Ed Clark, now."

"And believe I may have, though I don't remember them," answered Sally, with no sign of resentment.

"Won't you tell me why?" again demanded Hopkins.

"No," said Sally, standing very straight and looking as severe as so fair a girl could. "No, James Hopkins, I will not tell you my reason."

Hopkins rode away in gathering wrath, and he decided once more to seek the interference of the church.

Icabad listened patiently to his tale, and then told him, kindly but firmly, that, in view of his many duties, he simply could not undertake the care of parochial love-making.

"But she won't tell me why," Hopkins persisted. "I'd feel better about it if I only knew her reason. I've asked her time and again, and she only makes fun of me. Won't you ask her that much? Please now, just as a friend of us both."

Icabad hesitated. It was such a bother. "Yes, I'll ask her," he said, at the same time feeling angry with himself for saying that he would.

The next afternoon found Icabad riding slowly along the shady summer lanes toward the Daves' plantation, and wondering the while why a woman couldn't be frank and outspoken in such matters and save her kindly disposed friends so much needless labor.

As he came near the house he saw Sally sitting on the low piazza, her workbasket beside her, bending over some bit of sewing in her hand, a picture framed in the green vines which grew over the porch, and Icabad couldn't find it in his heart to blame Hopkins.

Sally saw him and stood up, dropping her work about her in pretty confusion.

"Thank you, father's not so sick we should be bothering you," she said, coming down the first step to greet him.

"I didn't know he was sick at all," answered Icabad, in honest surprise.

"He's a little sick," said Sally. "He's gone over to the river meadow now, but I couldn't think what else would bring you again so soon. Not but you're always welcome," she added, seeing Icabad's evident embarrassment.

He dismounted and sat down on the broad piazza bench. He might as well get through with his fool's errand and be done with it, so he said:

"I've come on behalf of Hopkins."

Sally smiled in enjoyment of the situation, but she kept silent.

Evidently she didn't help him, so Icabad continued: "He wants me to ask you why you won't marry him."

Sally hesitated and stroked her work with her needle.

"Do you think I ought to tell him, Parson?" she asked.

"Yes, I do," said Icabad, with parochial firmness.

"Will you promise to tell him, if I explain my reason to you?" Sally asked, looking squarely at Icabad.

"Yes," he answered, feeling much relieved and smiling back encouragement at the fair girl before him.

"Well," said Sally, thoughtfully, "I think I'd be willing to tell you my reason; but you see, it's not wholly my own. Suppose we leave it this way. I will tell you what I decide and we won't talk about it any more, please," she ended, rising.

Icabad judged that he was expected to go, and so he took his leave. His visit was most unsatisfactory, but he had done what he could and he was glad the business was ended, so far as he was concerned. He was sorry for Hopkins, poor chap, but perhaps he would be satisfied with Sally's reason. No doubt it was a good one, for the girl seemed very sensible, and so Icabad rode back contentedly to the parsonage.

GRANDMAMMA'S GARDEN.

Out from the dusk of the days gone by
That come to me now as dreams,
Saw a picture framed by the summer sky
And the sunshine's golden beams;
Tis a little garden bright with bloom
Or flowers both sweet and rare,
And from April's sun to November's gloom
There were always blossoms there—
Blossoms fragrant and blossoms gay
Or withering as any elf,
And blossoms as quaint and sweet as ways
As the garden was herself,
For 'twas grandmamma tended them carefully.

And they seemed to understand
The loving care and sympathy
In touch of her skilful hand,
Roses and lilacs and magnolias,
Peonies, pinks and phlox,
Blue-eyed pansies and violets,
Daisies and yellow-vine;
Fair syringas and Jack-and-Jill,
Larkspur and columbine,
Dahlias of many a velvet frill
Asters and yellow-vine;
There was hardly a flower of form or hue
Of the sweet old-fashioned kind
That one could look her garden through
And fall its like to find.

Of a child I wandered there
And I can remember still
How grandmamma severed the blossoms
Fair
My little apron to fill.
Still I can see her winning grace
And her words I can recall:
"Thou, my child, with thy baby face
Art the sweetest flower of all."
Often she severed the silken bloom
Of the fair syringas flowers,
Yet little I knew their sweet perfume
Brought grandmamma vanished hours,
For once in her tresses of raven hair
In the joy of a glad June-day,
Grandmamma wore the syringas fair
As a lovely, winsome bride;
Now as I look down the yesterdays—
The vistas of years gone by
The sweetest picture that meets my gaze
Is framed by the blue, blue sky.
I love not the modern blossoms less
That charm with their beauty rare,
Yet a bit of heaven's loveliness
Seemed grandmamma's garden fair;
Ah many a summer's silvery rain
And many a winter's snow
Have softly come and gone again
Since that sweet long ago.
But the garden's quaint and her dear dead
Flowers
My heart shall ne'er forget,
For in memories sweet of childhood's hours
I see them smiling yet.
—Ohio Farmer.

HANDY WAGON BOX.

Convenient Arrangement for Use on the Farm or on the Road for Hauling Loads.

A style of wagon-box which is coming quite extensively into use here in our country—and we believe is a very handy arrangement for use on the farm or on the road for hauling loads of grain, wood, tile, etc.—is shown in the accompanying plan. The main frame or bottom of wagon-box consists of two scantling three by four inches and any length, according to length of box desired, although 12 feet makes a very desirable length. These are joined together by two-by-four cross ties, and pinned at ends into mortise. The iron sockets on the sides which are made to hold the two-by-three standards on sideboards can be made by any blacksmith out of an old wagon tire.

The sideboards may be made any height to suit the purpose and may be painted and put up in the rough. There are several styles of

end-gates and any of them can be used to suit the taste. The end-gates may be fastened in with an end-gate rod or hooks and staples used.

A box like this can be made tight enough by flooring the frame carefully, so that any grain or shelled corn may be hauled in it. It can be built very cheaply, and where a farmer is handy with tools should not cost over \$1.50, as nearly all the material may be produced from the farm excepting the hardware. However, if the material be purchased it should not cost over four dollars. A very handy feature about this box is that when not in use it can be folded together and set aside out of the way.—George W. Brown, in Ohio Farmer.

HORTICULTURAL HINTS.

The plum curculio beetles may be easily jarred from the trees in the morning. Spread sheets beneath the trees to catch them.

Apples keep splendidly in pits, and we always thought that pitting them gave them better flavor. Pit them as you would potatoes.

We know cellars and root cellars in which the old roots are now rotting and sprouting. We hope that you are not the party to permit it.

There is not much money for the average farmer in growing small fruit, but he should grow enough of all kinds for family consumption.

White grapes are not as popular as colored grapes because they do not look as nice. It is always so with fruit. The best colored sells best.

Rigid pruning of evergreens every year has a tendency to destroy their vigor. We mean the pruning and trimming to give them a certain shape.

You should know each fruit tree intimately so that you can know what it needs in the way of thinning or pruning. Study your trees as you do or ought to study your individual animals.—Western Ploverman.

True, But Awful.

First Newspaper Reader (in smoking compartment)—I hear they have nearly reached those poor miners who were entombed by that explosion.

Second Newspaper Reader—Yes they have ha'pennytrated the wall of rock.

Third Newspaper Reader—You mean penetrated.

Second Newspaper Reader—No, I don't. They're only half way through—Ally Sloper.

Those Loving Girls.

Maude—Mr. Willing asked me to accompany him to the opera to-morrow evening.

Clara—And you accepted the invitation?

Maude—Certainly.

Clara—Strange. He asked me also.

Maude—There's nothing strange about it at all. I told him I wouldn't go without he provided a chaperon.—Chicago Daily News.

Then and Now.

They met she was a maiden fair and he a faultless swell.

"Was on the broad piazza of a watering place hotel."

And now that chilly autumn's here, they meet in town once more—

"Tis at the ribbon counter of a Broadway dry goods store."
—Harlem Life.

THOUGHTFUL TO THE LAST.

He—Oh, Mary! I can't hold on any longer.

She—Then wait till I get out of the way. No use losing a husband and a new hat at the same time.—Harlem Life.

He Was a Poet.

The man who said that distance lends enchantment to the view,
I'll bet referred unto a bill
That was shortly coming due.
—Answers.

A Good Notion.

Harrop (to Good-natured Friend)—Well, old man, I've called upon you to ask you to allow me to be your banker for a time.

Good-Natured Friend—Be my banker! Eh, what? What do you mean?

Harrop—Why, dear boy, your banker keeps your money for you, doesn't he? And if you let me have a fiver I'll promise to keep it as long as you like.—Ally Sloper.

Their Origin.

Johnny—Paw, I know how claims was started.

His Father—Well?

Johnny—After all the other animals was made there was a lot of gristle left, and there wasn't anything else they could do with it, and they made it into a claim.—Chicago Tribune.

Little Caesar's Wife.

Smith—Jones says there is something suspicious about his wife's actions.

Brown—Is that so?

HOOKED A MALLARD.

Unique Yarn Told by Two Minneapolis Fishermen.

The Duck Bolted Frog, Hook, Sinker and a Yard of Line and Was Caught in a Landing Net After a Long Struggle.

According to the Minneapolis Journal, Messrs. Smith and Blethen, of that city, were out fishing at Prior lake a day or two ago. The day was not good for fishing. A heavy rainfall of the day and night before had made the water roily and very cold. Under such conditions the bass, even the spawning ones, seek deep water.

Diligently the fishermen, under the direction of "Jim" Hall, east the shores and coves, but it was of little use, for after a hard day's work, with arms and wrists sore and tired from the exercise, the fishermen dropped down along the south shore toward the Grainwood house with only 15 bass.

Stopping for half an hour in Candy Cove, where the rushes and rice grow far out into the water, they fished during the late evening. Mr. Blethen was seated in the stern, and as twilight settled over the water he was unable to gauge one of his casts, which carried the delicate-branded silk, hook, sinker, frog and all far into the rice beds, where "froggy" settled on a mossy bog. At this juncture Mr